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142

# NEW X-MEN

Legacy

## Assault On Weapon Plus

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# PREVIOUSLY IN NEW X-MEN...

Her name was Emma Frost. She was a remarkably beautiful woman with a mind that was a weapon and a body that could turn into an impenetrable diamond. As a member of the X-Men, she lived and taught at Professor Xavier's school when she wasn't fighting alongside the team as the White Queen. And last month, on the estate created to serve as a safe haven to teach mutants to control their powers, Emma Frost was murdered.

The team found her body shattered into a thousand illuminated fragments spread across the floor. The school was locked down. The investigation began. Two mutant detectives, Bishop and Sage, were brought in to find the murderer. Everyone-including Xavier himself-was a suspect. Was it Scott Summers, the team leader who was having an extramarital telepathic affair with Emma? Or was it Scott's wife, Jean Grey, who "walked in" on Emma and Scott during their supersensory tryst?

As Sage and Bishop interviewed and interrogated the students and the team, Jean Grey cleared her name by solving the murder in the most uncanny way-by using her remarkable Phoenix powers to reincarnate and reassemble the thousand fragments of diamond into a breathing Emma Frost.

Emma's first words once revived? "Esme!" Esme, her former pupil, who seems somehow mysteriously involved in the shattering of Emma's body and mind. And with Esme at large and the Xavier's mansion still reeling from the murder, another mystery develops...

During the investigation, the mutant detective Sage, whose mind is a living computer, was held at gunpoint and knocked unconscious by a mystery suspect. This suspect was at least 6' 2" and male. And Scott Summers is nowhere to be found...

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So...
...why did you choose me?

Is it because I *remind* you of someone?

Someone who doesn't *look* this way anymore?

Someone who wouldn't dare *do* anything like this?

Or is there someone *else* I could be?

Someone who *would*...

...do anything?

Who do I remind you of?

I can be *anyone.*

And I know you're thinking...

...I know you're thinking about how *good* it is...

...how good it is just to *call the shots* once in a while...

...am I right?

Mister *X-Man?*

Actually, I was thinking about how weird and sexless and *unarousing* this is.

Sorry...I didn't mean it to come out like that.

I mean, don't get me wrong, you look ***beautiful***, it's just...

...it's not ***real***, is it?

It's just your ***job*** to create a fantasy... you're not my girlfriend and all we're really sharing here is some weird financial transaction which is helping you through college.

I know you probably have jeans and a sweater to change into backstage and a boyfriend back home.

I can't fool myself that there's anything ***more*** to this.

So you're just making me feel a little self-conscious and embarrassed, to tell the truth.

Wow.
You really know how to murder a nice romantic mood, don't you?
Yeah.
I guess so.
I think it might be my mutant power.

Well, what am I looking at?

When did *you* start drinking, X-Boy?

Hhurrmm

Sparkling *wine?* What kind of a gay drink is that?

You used to be such a Boy Scout, *Cyclops.* I remember you--

Out of my face, Sabretooth.

Seriously.

You know what *I* think?

You look like you have serious *issues...* I've been through prison therapy about a dozen times. I know *issues* when I see them.

I bet if I tore your *scalp* off with my teeth, you'd soon get your priorities in order.

You think?

Enough.

You know the *rules,* Sabertooth.

The *Hellfire Club* is a haven for mutants with money to spend.

If you intend to harass my guests, you will not be made *welcome*, Mister Creed.

Is that so?

And who's gonna throw me out, Mister Sebastian Shaw?

*You?*

Don't toy with *me*, my man, or I will gleefully *destroy* that ugly wheezing engine you call your *mind*...

...you will then be flayed and dissected by expert sadists over a long period of *months*.

Stick to what you're best at or risk ending your days as an amusing *carpet* in the club vestibule.

GRRRNN

In the face of such wit, I'm all but speechless.

My apologies, Mister Summers.

Oh, dear...hardly the connoisseur's choice... I'd have anticipated a little more *sophistication* from one of Charles Xavier's lackeys.

I hope this isn't some kind of *raid*.

Xavier's been... *overzealous* recently, shall we say...

I'm not a connoisseur and I don't *belong* with the X-Men anymore, Shaw... I'm just trying to get *drunk.*

Why does everyone seem to have an opinion about me tonight?

Drunk?

Bravo, Mister Summers.

So who's sitting *there?*

*Reserved.*

A little like *yourself,* eh?

The heart craves the securities of the battlefield, eh?

All our dancers are *telepathic* tonight... that one there is 200lbs overweight and looks like a peeled prawn, but she can make a man see whatever he *wants* to see.

We're all victims in the same brave new world, Mister Summers.

Welcome to the slippery slope.

*Emma Frost*...hurt me too, you know.

And I hurt her *in return.*

Forgive my little telepathic rummage, but I *smelled* her on you.

KWAK!

Yer making the X-Men look like *losers*, Summers.

?

All right, how the hell did *you* track me down, Logan?

That's it.

My pride can't take anymore.

Just lucky, I guess.

Wanna join me fer some *serious* drinking, Slim?

JAKE DANIALS
OLD TIME
Old No.4
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
JAKE DANIAL DISTILLERY

Why can't you all leave me alone?

I got my *own* business here tonight.

This is the last place I'd have expected to find *you*, Summers, but I'm glad I ran into ya.

So the Professor sent you to talk me out of leaving The X-Men, right?

This isn't going to *work*, Logan.

Emma Frost got *shot* right after you took off.

You're a *prime suspect*, Slim.

Now here's how it *works*-- we drink, we *talk*.

Whoever's left standing is the *winner*.

You win, and you can go lose your mind *and* your dignity.

But if *I* win...

...well, I'll tell you about that when I get back from the V.I.P. urinals...

Who *you* lookin' at?

You know, you got the same color eyes as that girl in Arnhem Land, 1943.

I swear she musta been your great-grandmother, darlin'.

SNIFF

Toilets must be overflowing.

The crap's going everywhere.

Funny, here I was thinking much the same thing.

Who'd have figured we'd have so many things in *common*, Creed?

We should start a club.

*Look* at you! Swaggering around and standing there like yer so great or sumthin'.

I got every skill you ever had and then some!

*And then some!*

What's it all about?

What you got that I don't?

You tell me, bub.

You know, you're lucky we ran into each other *here.*

This'd been anywhere *else,* I'd have had you gutted and your skin hung up to cure by now.

Next time, Creed.

When I was with Emma, it was like *flying*... I could say any outrageous thing.

There was no pressure.

She had no expectations.

She just *accepted* everything about me...

I could just *let go*.

And Jeannie's different, right?

Jean and I have known each other for *so long*, Logan... every time I look at her I see this teenage girl I met...

...and I feel like a teenage boy.

But I'm *not* anymore.

How could anyone think *I* could shoot Emma?

After all this time, how can they *still* think so badly of me?

What do I have to *do*?

Well, it might have been one of yer inner demons, Slim, who knows.

This whiskey's doing absolutely *nothing* to me, Logan.

I'm totally *lucid* and I'm *not* going back to the mansion...

You know something-- you *always* get the best girls, Slim.

I watch these smart, interesting, beautiful women going *nuts* trying to crack through the shell of the Summers cool.

And all you do is *whine.*

I *hate* you.

Nah, ya don't.

See, all I ever wanted was what *you've* got-- the nice girl, the steady life...

What *you* want is to throw all that away and run a little wild with the sexy White Queen.

And the worse thing is you think Jean wouldn't *understand?* Bub, she's been praying for you to come out of yer shell for a zillion *years!*

You don't catch too many glimpses of the *obvious* through that visor, do ya?

Who's the weird guy with the phone?

Is he a friend of yours? Because he keeps *winking* at me...

I'd like to order some medicine...

...for headaches... Tylenol... whatever...

Calls himself *Fantomex.*

My contact.

I'm going *with* him to find out who I *am,* where I *came from.*

You think *you* got troubles, I got a *lifetime* piled up.

I've been... *haunted* by this woman. Flashes of my past *before* they turned me into a living weapon...

...I wake up at night, forgetting her name before I get a chance to say it.

But this *Weapon Plus* setup kept copies of all the old *Weapon X* files after the programs diverged.

And Fantomex is looking for a backup team to help him smash the Weapon Plus operation *wide open.*

Forget it, Logan.

I'm just so sick of having *"missions"* and trying to be some kind of perfect mutant soldier-teacher or whatever it is we are today...

I'm trying really hard, Summers, but God help me, I *can't forget it.*

This is important to me, Scott-- understand?

How many times I been there for *you?*

Don't try to *threaten* me, Logan.

And as for your stupid drinking competition... I *win.*

Drink for drink.

So much for your healing factor giving you an advantage...

You think so?

You'll soon be wishing *you* had one.

This guy's one of the best.

Trust me, Fantomex, it's like I promised...

...there's nobody I'd rather have in my corner than *Scott Summers.*

# BRIMSTONE & WHISKEY

Grant Morrison writer
Chris Bachalo penciler
Tim Townsend inker
Chris Chuckry colorist
Virtual Calligraphy's Chris Eliopoulos letterer

Warren Simons assistant editor
Mike Raicht associate editor
Mike Marts editor
Joe Quesada editor in chief
Bill Jemas president